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ABSTRACT

This collection was written by the students of English as a second language at Streatham and Tooting Institute, London, England. Some of the work is by advanced students, some by people who have only just begun to learn English. Some students who are not yet confident of their ability to write in English dictated what they wanted to say. The stories are grouped in seven sections: traditions and stories, my life, weddings and marriage, children, coping, travel, and jokes and fun. Some are written first in the student's native language. Drawings illustrate the booklet. Plans are under way to make this an annual publication. (KC)

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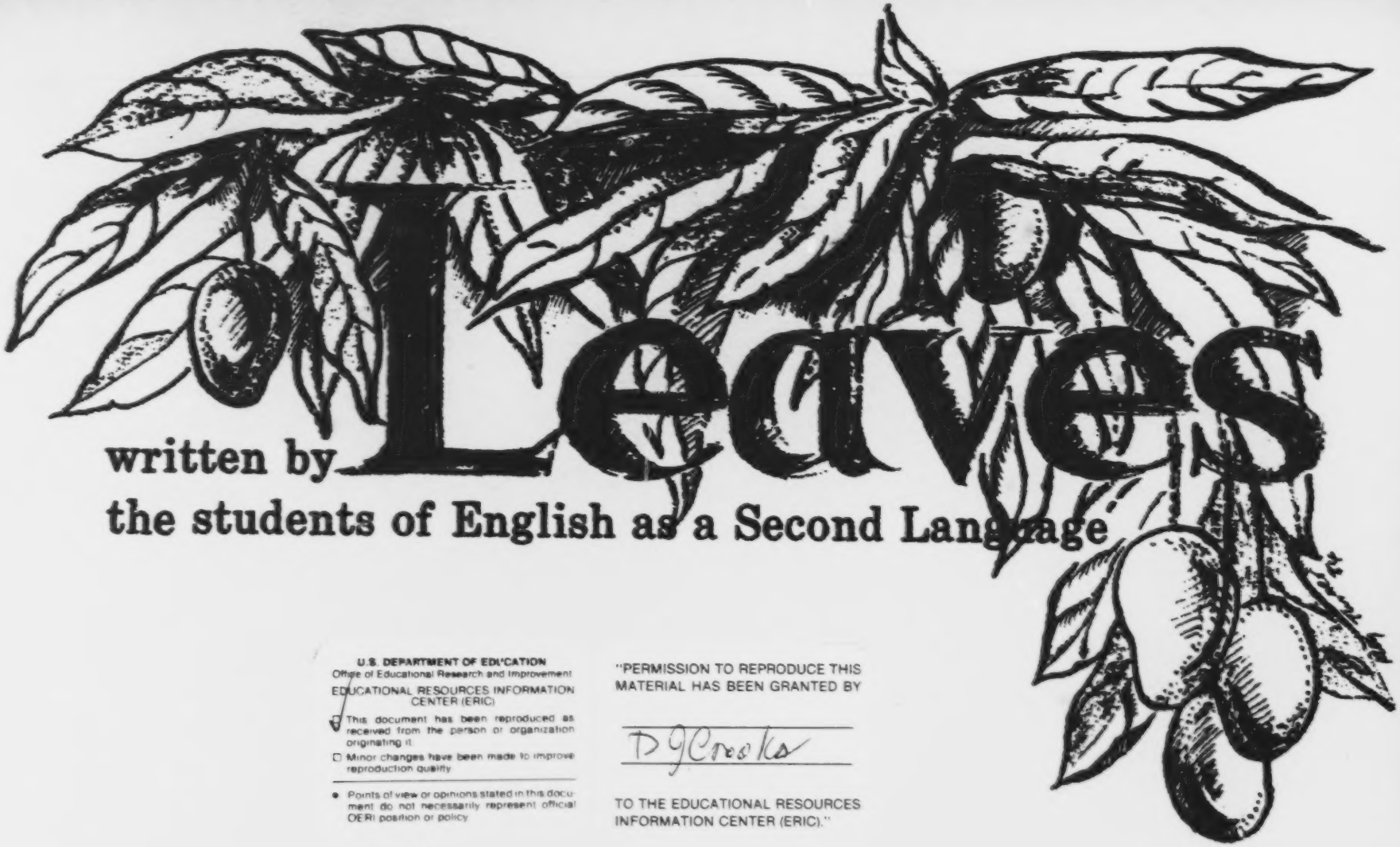


written by
the students of English as a Second Language

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This is the first magazine written by the students of English as a Second Language at Streatham and Tooting Institute.

As we all know, it is very difficult to write in another language, and this magazine represents a great deal of hard work and effort by the students. We hope many people both in ESL classes and outside will read it and enjoy this achievement. Some of the work is by advanced students, some by people who have only just begun to learn English. Some students who are not yet confident of their ability to write in English have dictated what they wanted to say.

We hope there will be a magazine each year, so *please* write and tell us what you think of this one. And it's not too early to start sending in work for the *next* magazine. We need pictures, cartoons, stories, and so on, and we particularly welcome items which are written both in your first language and in English. If possible, we like to print your first name, the country you have come from, and where your English class is held.

Please let us know what *you* want in *your* magazine, so that the next one can be even better.

Jane McLaughlin
Kitty Turner
ESL Department
Streatham and Tooting Institute
Ernest Bevin School
Beechcroft Road
London SW17

We would like to thank everyone who has helped us to produce this magazine, especially

| | |
|---|---|
| Mrs Razia Malik | Lecturer in charge of English as Second Language. |
| Eric Peters | Media Resources Officer |
| June Glenn | AVA Technician |
| Jill Ager | ESL Secretary |

and of course
all the students who wrote for it, and the tutors who collected and sent in their work.

Design & drawings by Kitty Turner

# CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Traditions & Stories | page 1 |
| My Life | 7 |
| Weddings & Marriage | 15 |
| Children | 17 |
| Coping | 19 |
| Travel | 22 |
| Jokes & Fun | 25 |

# Traditions & Stories

# અમૃતફળ

આંબો એક અમૃતફળ જેવું ફળ છે. આંબા ના ઝાડ ગરમ પ્રદેશોમાં થાય છે, ભારતના આંબા દુનિયાભરમાં પ્રાચ્યાત છે. વલસાડ તથા રત્નાગીરી માં ઉત્તમ જતના આંબાઓ થાય છે, જેમાં હાપુસ કેરીની સ્વાદ ઉપરાંત ઔષધ લિક્ષ્ય આપે છે તેની સુગંધ અવાની નથી ચટણી ત્યાર બાદ કેસરકેરી નોખીસરીયો રંગ અને એની મીઠાસ પણ ઉપરાંત ઔષધ હોય છે. આમ તો આંબામાં ઘણી જાતો હોય છે. જેમકે હાપુસ, કેસરકેરી, લંગડો. રામપૂરી વગેરે વગેરે.... રામપૂરી કેરી અથાણામાં વપરાય છે આમ કેરીને ગોળકેરી, છૂંદો, મુરબ્બો, આખું અથાણું કેરી કેરી, વઘારીયાકેરી આમ દરેકજનના અથાણાકેરી હોય છે. ત્યારબાદ કેરીના ઝાડના પાન જેની ત્યારબાદ આસોપાલવના પાન કેરી છે અને તે પાન દરેક શુભકાર્યોમાં વપરાય છે આસોપાલવના પાન સત્યનારાયણની કથા વખતે (લીટો) બાંધવાનો લોટો જેના ઉપર આસો પાલવના પાંચથી છ પાન મૂકીને તેના ઉપર નાળિયેર મૂકી તેની પૂજાકરીયે છીએ ત્યારબાદ તે શ્રી ગણેશજી અને પ્રસિદ્ધ નથી માને છે. નવા ઘરમાં પ્રવેશ કરતી વખતે પણ આમ

રીતે કુંજ મૂકવામાં આવે છે. આરોપાલવના પાન
નું તોરણ ક્યારે પણ દરેક પ્રસંગ કે ભીંત સુશોભનો
ઘરમાં થતા ટીંચકે ત્યારે બારના દરવાજે તેનું તોરણ
બાંધવામાં આવે છે. અક્ષુચરકૃમાં તે પાન નો ઉપયોગ
ડેકોરેશન તરીકે પણ કરે છે. આંબાના ઝાડો
વરસમાં બે વખત ફાલ આવે છે અને ફળ
લગભગ ત્રણેક થી ચાર મણ કેરીનો આવે છે.
વિજ્ઞાનની જેમ જેમ આગળ વધ્યું છે તેમ આજે તો
ભારતમાં પણ વિદેશી દેશોની જેમ દરેક ભતના
અથાણાંઓ બોટલોમાં પેક કરીને બહાર મોકલવા-
માં આવે છે આમ કરીને કે તે દેશોમાં આપણા
ભારતીઓ વધુ પ્રમાણમાં વસતા હોવા જેમકે ફિજીના,
મોરેશીયા, ટ્રાયનિદાદના વગેરે વગેરે.....
પાકી કેરીનો રસ પણ ડબ્બાઓમાં પેક કરીને પરદેશ
મોકલે છે જેના લાભ ભારતને આડકતરી રીતે
મળે છે પાકી કેરીનો રસ બોટલો માંથી બાદ છે
આસપાસ ગુજરાતી લોકો ભારતમાં વધારાના ફીક્કા
માં આંબાના રસમાંથી બનાવેલું ફીક્કું કે
મેંગોલાના નામે પ્રખ્યાત છે, આમ આંબો
ખરેખર એક સુંદર મીઠું સુગંધીફળ છે અને
એટલામાટે તેને અમૃતફળ કહે છે.

Nirmala નિર્મળા
India મુળ વતન ભારત
સેન્ટ, અગસ્થાઈનિ ચર્ચ

The mango is the 'Fruit of Heaven'. The green fruit, the ripe fruit and the leaves are all used. The tree itself gives shade and is beautiful, and the fruit has an exquisite flavour and aroma, eaten fresh when ripe, or made into pickles and chutneys.

Mangoes always grow in tropical coutries and those of India are world-famous. The full-grown tree yields 450 lb weight of fruit twice a year.

There are many different kinds of mangoes: hafuz, langudo, ruskeri, keserkeri, rajapuri and others. The rajapuri is good for raw and cooked pickles — gurkeri, vagharia and kattekeri among others, and chundo and murrabo chutneys. These are made from unripe fruit. Ripe mangoes are eaten as they are, and the best is the hafuz, because of its sweetness, flavour and scent. The kaserkeri is eaten with chapatis as a raw chutney, with its saffron colour and its sweetness.

Fresh mangoes and canned pulp are exported all over the world, earning foreign currency, and the biggest customer for both is the United Kingdom. A bottled sparkling drink, 'Mangola', is also produced and exported to many countries.

The mango's leaves are called 'asopalov pan' and should, if possible, be used in all Hindu religious ceremonies, and for special occasions. A garland of them is hung over the door, when a wedding is celebrated, and on moving into a new house, and a 'kumbh' is set before the image of the elephant-headed god, Ganesh. We also use the khumb when we study our holy scriptures at home — this 'khumb' is a circle of mango-leaves set in a copper pot of special shape, and on the leaves is placed a coconut, with the point upwards.

And the people of Maharastra use the leaves rolled tight into a cylinder, like a stick, for cleaning their teeth!

Translated from the Gujerati: Nirmala & Kitty Student & tutor
St. Augustines'

# Diwali–a good time for all

Like Christmas in the West the religious part of Diwali, especially in the towns, is increasingly ignored and forgotten. But the strength of the celebrations lies in their ancient and religious background. Behind Christmas is the brith of the Christ child. At Diwali the lamps are lit for the sake of a God, usually Lakshmi, goddess of wealth and knowledge (Light).

On the thirtieth day of the Hindu month of Ashwin (which is 4 November or sometimes is not a fixed date) the people not only wash themselves thoroughly, but also wash the image of Lakshmi, the lovely golden goddess of wealth, in milk, and worship her for three days, commencing from this day. It is the day when money-lenders and businessmen count their stores and perform 'puja' (worship) before their wealth. Businessmen close their yearly account on this day which is the last day of the Hindu year. They tidy and sweep their shops and offices. Then they collect up their account books, together with a pile of silver coins and worship them and golden Lakshmi, divine giver of riches. After the festival many redstained rupees are in circulation since it is the custom to smear the coins pink with whitened powder. Red is a lucky colour in India and it is sacred to Lakshmi.

At home the women are busy too. They clean the house from

top to bottom and scour out all the cooking pots and make Rangoli patterns with fine coloured rice, flour or paint. Children often help colour the powder during the days beforehand. Next comes the cooking. Cakes and sweets and other tasty dishes must be prepared for the festival, since only delicious food is eaten at that time. But perhaps those who enjoy the days of Diwali best are the children. Schools are closed and boys let off fire-crackers in the streets and courtyards. Fireworks should really come later but just as here before Guy Fawkes night, the children have not the patience to wait. The lamps that are lit this evening in the homes are 'dipa'; and 'avali' means 'a row'. So the meaning of Diwali is really 'A row of lamps'.

Jyoti
(India)
St Augustine's

# Proverbs

Proverbs pass on wisdom from one generation to another. We often find similar proverbs in different languages. We haven't tried to translate these exactly — sometimes there is an English proverb which expresses a similar idea.

From Portugal:

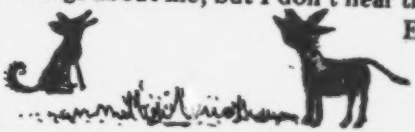
| | |
|---|---|
| Gato escaldado de agua fria temmedo | A scalded cat even fears cold water |
| Se tens jenelas de widro, nao atires pedras ao ar | People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones. |
| A vida e bela nos e que damos cabo dela | Life is wonderful, it's we who spoil it. |
| O cao ladra a lua e a caravana passa. | The dog barks at the moon and the caravan passes by. |

## 4

| | |
|---|---|
| Vozes de burro, nao chegam ao ceu. | Donkey's voices don't reach the sky. |

(These last two proverbs may have a similar meaning: people may say bad things about me, but I don't hear them.)

Elsa Bernardes
(Portugal)

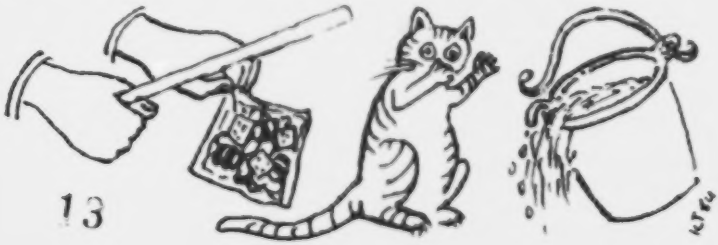


From Italy:

| | |
|---|---|
| Non e tutto oro quel che luce | All that glitters is not gold. |
| Tanto va la gatta al lardo che ci lascia lo zampino. | If the cat's always stealing lard, she's sure to leave her footprint in the end. |
| Lontana degli occhi, lontano del cuore. | Out of sight, out of mind. |

Here are some proverbs in the dialect of Naples (Neapolitan). This is a dialect of Italian with a strong Spanish influence. People who speak this dialect are proud of it, although it has been considered a language of 'ignorant people'.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mazz e pannelle<br>fann e figli belle<br>panelle e mazz<br>fann e figli pazz. | Sticks and sweets<br>Make children educated<br>Sweets and sticks<br>Make children uneducated |
| A gatta si nun po arriva o iard dice 'Ca fete'. | The cat which can't get at the lard says it smells bad. |
| Tante vote va a zangella into a puzz fin a che se ne vene a maneca. | The bucket that goes often to the well will lose its handle. |



# Treasure!

When I was a little girl my grandfather used to tell me lots of stories: one of them was about treasure-hunting.

When Mauritius was under French rule, we had lots of French pirates who would make the Mauritians dig very deep holes in the ground, then ask them to bury pots of gold coins in the hole. Afterwards the pirates would tell the Mauritians, 'Now that you know where the treasure is buried, promise that you won't tell anybody and that you will look after it'.

So the Mauritians swore that they wouldn't tell anybody, but the pirates would shoot them and bury them with the fortune.

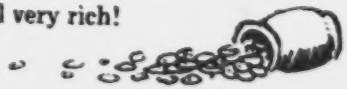
My grandfather knew a family in Mauritius whose name is Ganga.

One day Mr Ganga had a dream and in it he saw a man who told him 'I am going to let you have a gift, but in return you must give me a coco every year', Mr Ganga replied 'Are you asking me for a coconut? I can give you hundreds!'. The apparition then told him where to go and how to find a treasure which was buried under a tree. It was a pot full of gold coins. Mr Ganga was delighted, he became very rich, his business prospered, he became richer and richer but he had forgotten about the 'coco' which in French Creole means 'Head' or 'Life'.

He thought it was just a coconut.

Every year a member of his family died for no apparent reason. They didn't know why, but after a few years they realised what the dream meant and they started to sacrifice a goat every year, and then everything went well.

They are still very rich!



Shanta
(Mauritius)
St. Augustine's

# Risen from the Dead: a true story

Twenty years ago in a small village in Tanzania, there lived a lady called Zakia. She had an only daughter called Diba, who was beautiful and young.

Her mother was fond of making a lot of things to give her daughter for her dowry, including gold jewellery, and she kept it for Diba's wedding-day.

One day, Diba suddenly died, for no reason. Her parents were terrified and shocked at this tragedy. The village's inhabitants gathered at their house when they heard of it. They bathed Diba and wrapped her in her shroud. When she was shrouded, her mother said 'the gold jewellery I have kept for Diba, I'm going to put on her now and bury her it with her, for I have not the courage to look at the jewellery ever again.' She was distressed and wept all day until night.

All the neighbours in the street gathered and accompanied the funeral to the graveyard. They buried her and went back to their own homes. It grew dark, and still there were some men and women sitting in the house for condolence.

In the meantime there was a woman sitting watching and she saw everything — how they buried the girl with a lot of gold jewellery. She was a barber's wife. She rushed home quickly and told everything to her husband. He was a greedy man and he didn't care that it was dark outside, but left his house at once and went to the graveyard. When he got there he dug open the grave and took off all the dead girl's jewellery and put it on one side. At last, he was trying to take off the last piece, which has the name 'Karna' and is a sort of bangle fastened with a screw. The screw opened and pricked Diba's wrist. And she sprang up in the grave with a tremendous scream. On hearing the fearful sound the barber fell down unconscious and died. The girl started running to her home. She was shouting and crying all the way home, because she was very frightened of what had happened, for she had found herself in a white shroud, lying in her grave.

Her mother was distraught, and she kept on crying for her daughter. Suddenly she stood up and tried to run outside, crying out: 'Let me go out! Diba's calling me!' The ladies with her gave her moral support and told her to be patient, and that it was her imagination, for Diba was dead and buried.

A knock came at the door and someone opened it. Diba was standing there clothed in white. Her mother embraced her and both of them broke down in tears of joy and surprise. Her mother was delighted to get her daughter back. She was bubbling over with joy, for she couldn't even imagine that it could happen.

Then Diba told them the whole occurrence about the barber. She asked why they had wrapped her in the white cloth and why they had put her in the grave.

The physician said that Diba had not died but was unconscious with 'the swooning sickness'.

But the barber's wife regretted that she had told her husband about the gold buried with the girl. If she hadn't told him she would not have lost her husband and been left a widow.

Bushra
(Pakistan)
St. Augustine's

My Life

7

# A New Life

My name is Cheng Po Long. I was born in Cambodia. I'm twenty-eight years old. My religion is Buddhist. I started school when I was six years old and I left school when I was fourteen. I didn't want to leave school but I had to help my mother in business. I've got a lot of sisters and brothers but some were married and some went to school. I asked a teacher to come to teach me English at home because I liked English.

I married when I was twenty-two. Twenty-two days after my wedding, my country turned Communist. Then they sent all the people who lived in the town, including my family, to live in the farmlands and in the forests. We had a terrible time and lived in a very primitive way. We worked very hard and were almost starved and many people died.

I've got two sons, one is David and the second is Davin. They both were born in my country.

In 1979 I went to Vietnam. My eldest sister lives in London and she applied for my family to come to London.

On 19 December 1980, one month before I arrived in London, my second son drowned. Sometimes I feel depressed when I remember my second son.

It is the first time in my life that I'm very happy. I'm surprised because I never thought that I would ever come to London.

I find the weather very strange.

English people are very kind to my family. The British Government has also been helping my family and my son can go to school. I like London very much: it is a big, nice city. London has given me a lovely life and finally I say 'thank you a lot' to the British Government.

Cheng Po
(Cambodia)
St. Augustine's

# 8

# The 'Dream' of Idi Amin

He was a soldier in the Uganda army. Uganda was a very rich country in East Africa.

The Ugandan people were very polite and nice, they grew lots of sugarcane, coffee, cotton, and so many other things. The Ugandans used to get a lot of money from their exports. Their business was mostly with Britain. During the time of President Obote the country was peaceful, and there were a lot of Asians and some Europeans living in harmony with local people. The weather was always sunny and warm.

We used to live there, we had a very big business and lots of money. I was very rich and I had a very luxurious life over there. I had so many servants. When I used to go shopping I didn't walk. I ordered the car with a chauffeur and servants to carry my shopping.

However there was a coup in 1972. Mad Idi Amin, who was in charge of the army, overthrew the Government and took over the country. Some politics went wrong between the two countries, Uganda and Britain. So the next day he said he had a dream that God said to him that he had to kick out all British people from Uganda. So he asked us to leave Uganda immediately without any of our money. He said: 'What you earn from Uganda is Uganda's money, so you have to leave everything in Uganda and go by yourself to Britain, because you are British. Britain will have to provide you with everything.' So because of his dream we had to leave all the money in cash and property in Uganda and come to live from scratch in Britain as refugees.

After that he ruined all the country, he killed his own people, so many. Uganda was like a heaven but it became a hell.

Subhadra
(Uganda)
St. Augustine's

# When I Came to England

I came to England in 1972 as a refugee. We arrived early in the morning. First, we had a medical examination, then they took us to an RAF camp. I was very pleased because British people gave us excellent hospitality. Sometimes people came from the nearest small village and took us with them to their homes and gave us clothes and toys for the children. I found out myself that British people are very friendly. We stayed in the camp about eighteen days and only had problems about the food because we were not used to it. One day we cooked puri and potato curry in our room, but usually we were not allowed to cook in the rooms.

Nirmala
(India)
St. Augustine's

My life in Italy was peaceful, the people were very friendly. An earthquake in Palermo Sicily in 1968 brought us here to England. My big problem was the langauge; any time an English person laughed or stared at me I felt really lost. Shopping was also very difficult. In the hospital where I was working I found it very hard to cope with people because if anything went wrong with the job the blame was always mine because they knew I was unable to defend myself. In a short time I was at last good enough to communicate with people and defend myself, so I thought the crisis was over, but again it was at a time when I had to cope with my land-lady who was English. Every day she had a complaint to make, criticising my culture, and my food. In the end she wanted us out, so I had to look for a house. I am more settled and more confident with the language, but still in my mind it remains that there is no place like home.

Maria
(Italy)
Millan Centre

# Differences and Changes

I am a postgraduate student from Iraq. I am living in London with my wife and three children in a flat in this area.

There are a lot of differences between these two countries in living conditions, habits, weather and employment.

In my country I was living in a house which belonged to me and I had a good job with a suitable salary.

For a long time I had wished to qualify in the UK, in Paediatrics, which is a branch of medicine. Eight months ago my government allowed me to fulfil my wishes.

I have now taken two courses in Paediatrics and I joined an ILEA class to improve my spoken English.

There are a lot of differences between the UK and Iraq; first of all the dogs and cats. Most people enjoy walking in the street with their dogs; initially my children were afraid of the dogs as they are not accustomed to seeing dogs among people, but now they are familiar with them, because they realised that these dogs do not hurt anyone and are sometimes useful.

The flats are very small and cost a lot of money, which is different from my country.

The weather is very cold and we always have to wear woollen clothes to avoid colds and 'flu.

The other important difference is that there are a lot of people without jobs, while it is unusual to find anyone without a job in our country. There are always jobs announced in the journals, but nobody applies for them, so my government employs a lot of people from other countries.

The old people usually live alone in this country; they are far from their sons and daughters, and the children occasionally

visit their parents, but in our country all old people, except those without sons, live together with their children.

There are a lot of differences between the UK and Iraq especially in habits and some living conditions, but both of them enjoy their habits and actually both of them wish to provide a more enjoyable life for their people.

Ridha
(Iraq)
Millan Centre

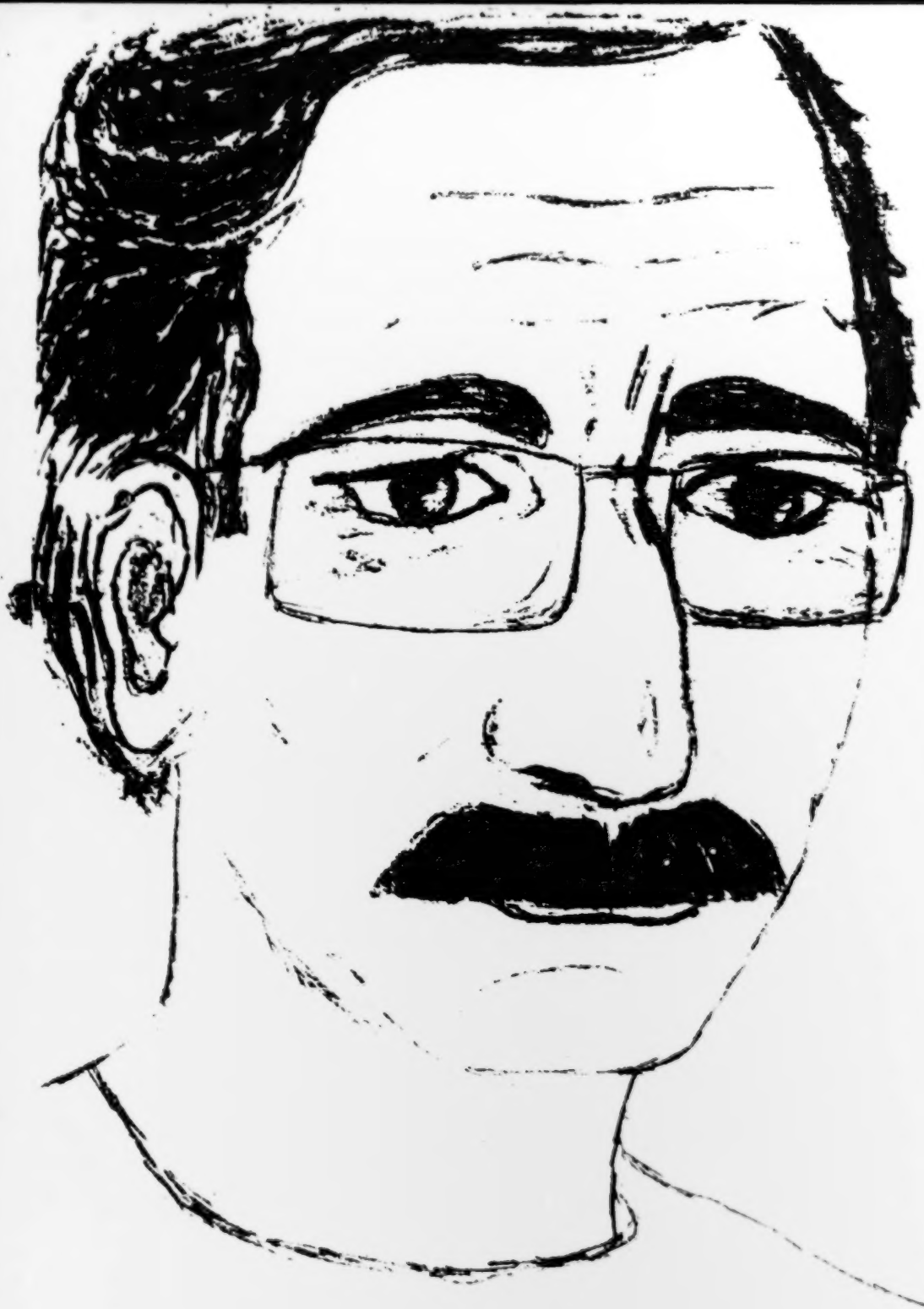
# The Life of My Father-in-Law

I thought of writing something about my father-in-law's life, because I loved him as much as I love my own father. I met him twenty years ago when I got engaged to my husband. He used to work very hard in the Italian police. He had some terrible adventures with thieves and murderers. When the Second World War broke out, he left for Africa as a member of an Italian miltary expedition. He was a brave man and at that time he was wounded. When he came back to Italy he received a miltary cross. Then he continued to work as a confidential clerk for some builders, and then he owned a petrol station. But that life was very hard, so that he was taken ill; he suffered, but he didn't complain. He was a marvellous man and a wonderful grandfather for my daughter.

He didn't like to speak too much, but I was able to see in his eyes when he was happy or unhappy. I was near him when he died. He looked at me and smiled, then he closed his eyes forever.

I shall never forget him and that very unhappy day. I shall love him forever.

Annamaria
(Italy)
Adare Centre



'Ο σύζυγός μου Χαράλαμπος ἀπό τήν ζωγραφιά του
Ἀθηνᾶ Λαζαρίδου

My husband Haralambos by his wife
Athena Lazaridau

Athina
(Greece)
Adare Centre

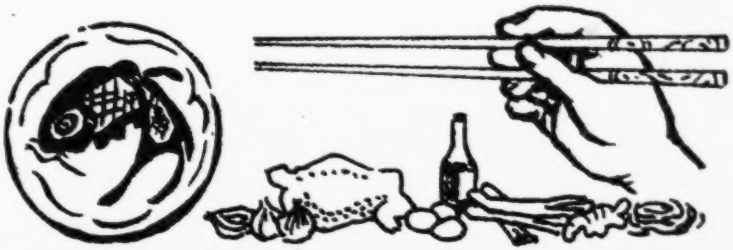
# 12

Life in Pakistan was very beautiful and it was peaceful. I used to go to school six days a week. After school time I used to play for one hour. Then I studied for two hours. If I had time, then I used to help my family. I used to help my friends. I used to see horsecarts passing early in the morning with fish, vegetables and fruit on them. I have not seen some of the fruit in the U.K. Birds used to sing in our garden. At the weekend we used to go out for picnics near the river. Sometimes I used to go out with my friends fishing.

When our 'Christmas' came we had a big party, and everything used to look so beautiful.

I can't forget my life in Pakistan. Pakistan is beautiful.

Mohammed
(Pakistan)
Millan Centre



Pick up both your chopsticks in one hand. Put your thumb over the chopsticks, one chopstick goes between the first and second fingers and the other chopstick on the third finger. You move the first chopstick to pick up your food.

Hold the bowl with the other hand, put your thumb at the side of the bowl and your fingers under the bowl. Use the chopsticks to put the food in the bowl. Then lift the bowl near your mouth and use the chopsticks to eat.

Solas
(Hong Kong)
Ernest Bevin.

# Getting Over It . . .

I was born in Mauritius. I lived at Rose Hill. I went to school at Notre Dame de Lourdes Girls' School. I was there for a few years. Because my mother was having her eleventh child, my uncle, who was a rich doctor, gave us a bigger house.

The place was called Quatre Bornes. Soon after we moved over there may mother gave birth to her ninth daughter. The baby died. My mother never regained consciousness and soon after she died too.

We stayed at Quatre Bornes for three years, then my grandmother died. We left Quatre Bornes once again to live with my grandfather and uncles. Life wasn't the same afterwards, because at Quatre Bornes we were very happy with two acres of land and all sorts of fruit trees and plenty of room to move about.

When I left school, I wanted to be a nurse but my father was against my wish. Instead I was compelled to get married. I was married on 25 February 1962. My son was born on 5 December the same year. Another baby was born on 3 January 1964.

Soon after my husband left Mauritius to go to the UK and the following year I came over. The children were left with my mother-in-law. Life was very hard for us, but we survived. Very often I was in tears because I was very homesick. I missed my family very much. It took me a long time to get over it.

Shanta
(Mauritius)
St. Augustine's

I came to London on 18 September 1977. I was born in Pakistan on 28 February 1948 in Karachi. I was married in 1965 and I had a girl and two boys in Pakistan. I had another boy in London. I started English classes three years ago. I am happy here.

Parveen
(Pakistan)
Clinic Class

I come from Pakistan. I was born in the city, but we had a field in the village, so we moved to the village.

Our village life was really peaceful. I enjoyed very much the animals and greenery everywhere. I used to milk buffalo and first thing in the morning I fed them at home. We did the house-work together and helped each other. The weather was nice there all the time, bright, hot and sunny. When festivals came, we enjoyed them very much because everywhere you could see your own culture and all the shopping centres decorated. Some women were working but most of them were housewives. There was freedom, specially for women, and big families lived together. I liked that life and I miss that.

When I came to England I had a few problems. The first thing is that it's very cold here and another thing was that I couldn't speak proper English; when people talked I couldn't understand. That's why I was scared to go out alone. Several times I went out with my family. Then I used to go out alone sometimes and I felt a bit braver. After that I started work at home and then outside in the factory and now I am all right.

Ishrat
(Pakistan)
Millan Centre

I come from Morocco. I used to live with my family at home and life was simple. My family helped me a lot, but when I got married I had to do things for myself.

Then I came to England and could not speak English. I found it difficult when my baby was born to associate with people, especially to buy baby foods, also to speak with the health visitor about the baby. When my baby started the playgroup, things got better.

When my second baby was born I found I could cope much better with life in England.

Jamila
(Morocco)
Millan Centre

# Weddings & Marriage

I was married in 1950 when I was eighteen. But I wanted to get more education. I was very weak in English. If your English is poor you can't go to college and my parents didn't want to send me to college. They were keen on needlework and cooking. I think education is very good if you use it well.

My parents wanted me to get married. They were looking for a boy. My father's cousin wanted to marry me. He was living in the same town. But at the same time my cousin wanted to marry me. I didn't love him but I couldn't say so. If I had said that they wouldn't have cared. I was so sad. I cried all day long. But it was meant to happen. I got married to him and I was happy.

On my wedding day I was dressed in red with a long veil. He wore a suit. After the wedding ceremony we went to his parents' town.

Suraiya
(Pakistan)
St. Augustine's

Our wedding was arranged. When I was studying dance in India my mother proposed marriage for me to my husband, who was working in England.

When I went back to Sri Lanka after finishing my course, he also came to Sri Lanka for a holiday. My mother and his parents arranged for us to meet. We talked to each other and we liked each other. My family also liked him.

Then we fixed the date for the registration. We had a grand registration party. We exchanged presents and my mother gave us 60,000 rupees and jewellery and also she transferred a house to our name.

A week later our religious wedding ceremony took place. Both our houses were decorated. I was wearing a red silk

sari with gold thread-work, and also I had my hair done with lots of flowers at the back and jewellery at the front. I was transformed into a radiant Sri Lankan bride! And my bridegroom was wearing a white suit and a turban.

The religious ceremony with the priest lasted an hour. There were about five hundred guests at the wedding. After the ceremony a lot of people gave us presents. Three days after the wedding we went on our honeymoon.

Kala
(Sri Lanka)
St. Augustine's

I was only fifteen years old when I got married and went to my husband's village for the first time. We were received by my in-laws. We rode in a bullock-cart from the outskirts of the village, which was a very strange experience for me as I did not know the ways of the village. In a way I also found that I was strange to the people of the village and they watched me curiously.

We had a marvellous time and those days were very interesting. First of all, I went to bring water from the well, with one of my sisters-in-law. There was a very nice lady at the well and she explained everything about how to draw up water with a rope. I tried to learn but I couldn't manage it, as it was my first experience!

I was trying to follow. It was good fun for me. My mother-in-law got up at five o'clock in the morning every day, fed our cow, and then ground millet with a hand-mill. I wasn't used to getting up early but every morning I listened to the peacocks shrieking at dawn. When I came out of the house, I watched the early sunrise coming through the trees. I always liked to see the view. All the atmosphere was so natural. After ten or fifteen days, I decided I would like to have stayed there all my life, but I couldn't because my husband came from Africa and he had a job there, so I had to go back with him.

Nirmala
( India)
St. Augustine's

# Kenkey

In Ghana the babies eat 'kenkey'. It is a vegetable. It grows in the ground. We grate it, add water to form a dough, then mix it with water and milk and cook it like a porridge, and put it in the feeding-bottle for the bigger babies, when they are three months old. Before that they only have mother's milk. They can have kenkey in the bottle or with a spoon.

Afua
(Ghana)
Adare Centre

# Children

# Bringing Up Children Italian Style

A confronto con i bambini inglesi, i bambini italiani vengono coccolati da gran parte della famiglia fino ad un eta superiore di vent'anni. Viene data a noi un affetto ed un unita di famiglia di avere bisogno anche quando sei adulto.

In comparison with English children, Italian children are carefully protected by the family until they are over twenty. In this way we have an affection and unity in the family which we need even when we are adults.

(Written in Italian
by Raffaeli, Italy)
Adare Centre

# 18

## Some Gujerati Nursery Rhymes

૧ એકડે એક, પાપડ શેક, — One times one
Bake the crispy papadom.

૨ બગડે બે, તાલી દે. — Two times two,
Give me a clap.

૩ ત્રગડે ત્રણ, મણકા ગણ. — Three times three,
Count the beads.

૪ ચોગડે ચાર, સોટી મા૨. — Four times four
Whip with the stick.

૫ પાંચડે પાંચ, કાગળ વાંચ. — Five times five,
Read the letter.

૬ સાતડે સાત, સાંભળો વાત — Six times six,
Don't fight.

૭ છગડે છ, લડશો ના. — Seven times seven,
Listen to the story.

૮ આઠડે આઠ, ભજવો પાઠ. — Eight times eight,
Take part in drama.

૯ નવડે નવ, ફરો કુલરવ. — Nine times nine
Go to play and make a happy noise.

એકડે મીંડે દસ, હવે કરો બસ. — Ten times ten
Now stop!

Jyoti
(India)
Ernest Bevin



પરોઢિયે નિત્ય ઉઠીને,
લેવું ઈશ્વર નામ.

1. Get up early and say a prayer

દાતણ કરી નાહ્યા પછી,
કરવા પાઠ તમામ.

2. Wash your mouth
and prepare for your lessons

કહ્યું કરો મા બાપનું.
દો માનને માન.

3. Obey your parents
Respect everybody

ગુરુની શિક્ષા માનવી,
ભણવું ચોકો ચિત્ત.

4. Obey and respect your teachers
Concentrate your mind on your learning

રાજે પહેલાનેસુઇ, પહેલા ઉઠે વીર,
બળ બુદ્ધિ બહુ ધન વધે
સુખમાં રહે શરીર.

Early to bed and early to rise
makes you healthy,
wealthy, and wise.

(Mahalaxmi Vyas, Fieldworker)

# Coping



19

# Learning and Working

I came from Hong Kong almost six years ago, but my English is still not good enough to write what I want to write. It is very difficult for me when my English is insufficient. I realise that it is a common problem for foreigners who do not speak English well.

Fortunately, some colleges and schools are providing English classes for foreigners.

I have worked in my father's restaurant for the last two years. It was difficult for us when customers made trouble in our restaurant, because none of us could speak good English.

It is especially busy on Friday night in every Chinese restaurant, thus most of the trouble happened on Friday. Troubles usually centred around mid-night. Customers came into the restaurant after they had been drinking in pubs. They were shouting loudly when they came in, swore, didn't pay for the meals they had ordered. We usually kept a close eye on these customers, because they didn't know what they were doing while they were drinking. Some customers even cheated us on the pretext that we hadn't given the meals to them which they had ordered (this has happened often in my father's restaurant). That is why my father is intending to employ a Chinese boy to work on the counter rather than my sisters. Some uncouth customers might utter dirty words and be rude to a female who was working on the counter.

Luckily, I have come back to college now for the course I wanted to study. It is very obvious that people are living in a deaf and dumb world if they do not understand English at all.

Chung Ting Fung
(Hong Kong)
Ernest Bevin

# 20

# A Letter to Lambeth Council

Lambeth Council,
The Town Hall,
Brixton, SW2.

Dear Sirs,
I am writing to you because I'm not very happy about how the road-sweeper cleans the pavements. I'm often obliged to walk like a kangaroo or a drunk man, because the pavements are so dirty. I do not understand why the dogs' owners let them foul the pavements. I saw a lot of penal notices, but nobody respects them. I never saw a policeman in the road where I live, to give a penalty for that. I love dogs and I'm not very angry with them but with their owners. Please, let me know why the road-sweeper doesn't clean the pavements.

I pay taxes for this public service, but it is not efficient.

I hope it will be better in future. I'm looking forward to hearing from you.

Yours faithfully,
A. Gianna.

Annamaria
(Italy)
Adare Centre

# A Success Story

I bought a track suit for my youngest son. In the first wash the colour started to run and spoil the rest of the wash, all in red. After drying, the mud stains were still showing. I washed it twice more by hand and still the colour ran, plus the stains were still there. I got very cross and abandoned it at the bottom of a drawer. Then as I thought it over I decided to do something about it. I went to the store and explained what had happened. The sales girl wasn't very helpful. Then I asked to speak to the manager — still he wasn't very co-operative. Then I decided that I didn't want the track suit at all, but my money back. He still refused but offered to send the suit to the workshop for testing, to which I agreed. The week after that I got a letter with a cheque for the money I had paid.

Pina
(Italy)
Adare Centre

# Starting Your Own Business

It is not for everyone, but it might be right for some.

There are many reasons for starting your own business. The greatest problem faced by school leavers nowadays is finding a job. People who stay on the dole, people who have been made redundant, people who don't like working for others, people whose job does not bring any happiness, might consider starting their own business.

There is no magic in the business: you could say there are three ingredients. Firstly, a good idea and willingness to take a chance, secondly organisation, and thirdly, hard work. You have to think of something you can do which other people are willing to pay for. You don't have to be a skilled person. For example, you can start gardening, for which you don't have to be a professional gardener. If you can do basic digging, lawn-mowing, rubbish clearance, hedge trimming etc , you could own a business.

Next you have to sort out all the legal problems you may have, such as whether you can claim benefit, how to declare your tax and so on. You will also have to decide what kind

of organisation your business is going to be. You can be a sole trader, or form a limited company or partnership or a co-operative. You will need advice from your bank manager or accountant.

To be successful, you have to do just more than be busy, you have to think and plan. You shouldn't do it too fast or too slow.

The only person who loses out if things go badly is you. So you will need to work hard, probably harder than you've ever worked before. But the reward will be the satisfaction that you will get from success, from overcoming problems.

Pamela
(Sri Lanka)
Adare Centre

# 22

## Travel

# The Most Beautiful Place

I used to spend the summer holidays in Iraq, in the north, which is a mountainous area, with many beautiful waterfalls and springs, among marvellous orchards where you can gather fruit, nuts and different berries. There are open shelters with roofs made out of branches, sometimes with a cement floor, where people can rest or sleep. The town where we often stayed is called Shaklawe. It is surrounded by lovely scenery with a lot of natural waterfalls and lakes, but about an hour's drive to the north of the town is the great waterfall called Qalee-Ali-Bec. A river comes from the mountain and runs beside the road until it reaches a cliff sixteen metres high. It falls over the cliff, forming a great waterfall, and making a pool at the foot of the mountain which people enjoy bathing in. There is a restaurant for the public near the pool, which serves Iraqi food like sheesh kebab and other specialities.

About one hour's drive to the north on a zig-zag road running beside a river, which it crosses and re-crosses, over small bridges, in the highest part of the mountains, which sometimes can be frightening, is Bechal. It is the most beautiful place that I have ever seen. And although I have been to different countries and visited a lot of places I think that nature reached its best in creating Bechal.

Bechal lies on one side of the mountains and from top to bottom there are hundreds of streams, trickles and springs, waterfalls and cascades. All that water joins together and runs down over stones and pebbles, washing them and making them bright and lovely, because they are of different colours. The children enjoy collecting them and playing with them.

And among these springs and cascades you can find trees full of fruit and nuts.

If you stand at the bottom of the mountain and look up you see a very charming view of woods and water. People enjoy climbing to the peak and walking through the woods and streams.

On your way to Bechal you pass several small villages where the Kurdish people live, and you can see them in their bright-coloured traditional clothes.

Maha
(Iraq)
St. Augustine's

# My First Flight

I have had a lot of experience of travelling in different parts of the world. But I am going to describe my first air-journey to a European country.

It was three years ago that I came from Pakistan to London. Our plane was PIA. It was a big jet-plane which carried hundreds of passengers. It was tidy and wide, and the seats were very comfortable. The air-hostesses were helpful, active and friendly.

I got on the plane at Karachi at 6.00 a.m. It was an eight-hour non-stop journey from Karachi via Germany to London. We had a choice of meals; they served several dishes but I had rice with mincemeat curry, and a sweet dish later, and different kinds of soft drinks.

After about seven hours the plane stopped for an hour in West Germany, at Frankfurt Airport. All the passengers got off and had a look at the airport. There were a lot of shops, and many of them sold jewellery and ornaments. It was really wonderful, tidy and shining bright. I hadn't ever before seen such a marvellous shopping centre and airport. One of its specialities was that it had modern automatic machines which checked our hand-bags, our clothes, and bodies as well.

I was surprised to see so many pink-cheeked, healthy people with smiling faces. Then we went back to our plane, and after an hour's journey we were over London. I heard an announcement: 'We are going to land at Heathrow Airport in a few minutes' time.' I could easily see the houses of London as red-roofed tiny little toys. They just seemed like match-boxes to me.

All the passengers prepared to get off. I was delighted with my first good look at a European country. The plane landed and we were out!

After checking, I asked a man on duty which was the way out. He told me and I followed his directions. Soon I met my uncles, aunts and cousins who were waiting for me. I felt a double happiness — one for meeting my relations after a long time, and the other for visiting a new country. I was bubbling over with joy. I enjoyed this journey very much. Also English people's smiling friendly faces impressed me,, and that everyone seemed to be wearing blue! And that's why I cannot ever forget this journey.

Bushra
(Pakistan)
St. Augustine's

# The Wonders of Hong Kong

Hong Kong is a good place for the tourist to take a holiday. It is because Hong Kong has a deep harbour and is a centre for trade between China and other countries. And the weather is good. We can buy a lot of cheap machines in Hong Kong shops.

The specially good places in Hong Kong are Landmark Shopping, Hopewell Centre Restaurant, Food Street, New World Centre Shopping and Ocean Park.

Landmark Shopping is a good place for the tourist to buy

# 24

European fashions. On the other hand, there is a fountain in there. If somebody claps their hands, the water will jump up as high as you like.

Hopewell Centre Restaurant is a sixty-six-storey high modern building. The tourist sits inside the Restaurant on the 65th floor. It will turn around 180 degrees for the tourist to look out of the window to see the views of Hong Kong.

Taking No 5B bus, go to Food Street. We can see many take-away Restaurants providing Japanese food for people to buy. It is very delicious.

Going to take the ferry we are walking down the street. It is the New World Shopping Centre. It is situated near the famous Japanese shopping area. Inside the shopping area we can buy different kinds of fashions, goods and toys which are made in Hong Kong. It is very cheap.

Ocean Park is a place for the tourist to see animals. It is divided into two parts between animals and fishes. We can take photographs of animals or fish.

Hong Kong is a good place for a trip.

Solas
(Hong Kong)
Ernest Bevin

## Don't make me Laugh!

**Who makes snakes?**
**A boa constructor!**

**Where do pigs sleep?**
**In a piggy-bunk!**

**My dog doesn't eat meat.**
**Why not?**
**I never give him any!**

**My dog has no tail.**
**How do you know when he's happy?**
**He stops biting me!**

**Waiter, there's a dog in my soup!**
**Sorry sir, we've run out of flies!**

**Waiter, there isn't a fly in my soup!**
**Sorry sir, we've run out of jokes!**

**Contributed by Ana Ema**
**(Madeira)**
**Ernest Bevin**

## That's Life!

**There was a young fellow of Perth**
**Who was born on the day of his birth.**
**He married, they say.**
**On his wedding day,**
**And died on his last day on earth!**

## Can you say it?

**A fresh, flash young fisher named Fisher**
**Once fished from the edge of a fissure.**
**A fish with a grin**
**Pulled this fisherman in.**
**Now they're searching the fissure for Fisher!**

**Contributed by Rene Alberto**
**(Madeira)**
**Ernest Bevin**

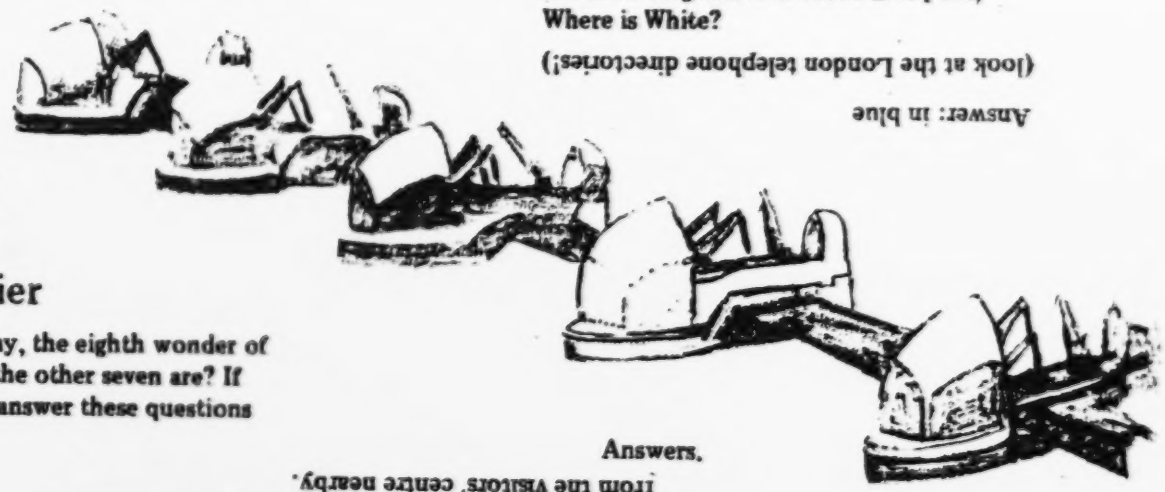
# Jokes & Fun

## A . . . . . Z

**If Pink is in green and Green is in pink,**
**Where is White?**

**(look at the London telephone directories!)**

**Answer: in blue**



## Quiz: The Thames Barrier

**The Thames Barrier is, some people say, the eighth wonder of the world. (Does anyone know what the other seven are? If so, please write and tell us!) Can you answer these questions about it?**

1) **Who opened the Thames Barrier?**
2) **When was it opened?**
3) **How long is it?**
4) **What is the Thames Barrier for?**
5) **Where is it?**
6) **Can you visit the Thames Barrier?**

**Answers.**

1) **The Queen**
2) **On Tuesday 8th May, 1984**
3) **One-third of a mile**
4) **To stop the river flooding London.**
5) **At Woolwich Reach, to the east of London.**
6) **You cannot go on the Barrier itself, but you can see it from the visitors' centre nearby.**

If you want to know more about English classes in Streatham and Tooting, please contact:

Mrs Razia Malik
Streatham and Tooting Institute
Ernest Bevin School
Beechcroft Road
London SW17 7DF

Telephone number: 767 5315